

World's Best Security Guard

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World's Best Security Guard

by [teeth_eater](#)

Summary

Three short scenes of Techno's role in the H.E. universe.
Thanks man.

Notes

Well, this all sucks pretty bad, huh. I thought some fluff would do us all well this week.

Being the sole security guard of a pirate- sorry Phil, *cargo* ship, is not an easy job, but Techno had known that when he started. He had always hated when things were easy, after all. In his opinion, easy was just another way to say *boring* . He wouldn't give it up for anything, not with the crew he has.

And, well. The pay doesn't hurt either.

The rare occasions that they are invaded while docked are the times that Techno really gets to shine. Tommy says he fights like he's dancing, which he *thinks* is a compliment, but he's seen the way the human dances, so no one can really blame him for his slightly insulted huff at the comparison. Despite all the danger, invasions are some of his favorite moments.

Now is one of those times. He swings his sword like it's weightless, though really anyone else on the crew would struggle to pick it up. Even Tommy, though he swears it's his 'teen arms' that are failing him. He is slashing and swinging and smiling so wide his face hurts as he beats away the attackers that had raided his ship. That had attempted to take his family hostage. They aren't nearly so confident now, jumping away from his blade, yelping and shrieking as they try to retreat. Techno had stopped *actually* trying to maim them when he saw they were retreating, just kept pushing forward, sword in hand, to encourage them to leave. He doesn't need the kids seeing any more dead bodies than they probably already have, the little monsters.

"Shit man, lay off!" One of the intruders snarls.

"Nah." Techno replies easily, angling his sword a little closer, clipping the intruder's shirt, just barely scraping a line into his stomach. The intruder goes pale at how close he had come to being vivisected, curses a few times in what must be his native tongue, and darts out the door with the rest of his crew at his heels. Techno huffs, sheathing his sword.

Then there is a body slamming into him, nearly bowling him over. He snarls, reaching for his sword again before he registers the voice tittering in his ear.

"That was so *cool*!" Tommy is shouting, wrapping his arms around Techno, bouncing on his heels. "They were all like- *give us all your stuff*, and you were all like: '*aren't you forgetting someone?*' It was so *badass* , dude!"

"Just doing my job," Techno grunts, trying to shake the overly-excited human off of him.

"No, Tommy's right, that's even a badass thing to say." Tubbo says from where he hovers over the Piglin's shoulder. Ranboo nods enthusiastically.

"Stop talking."

"The kids are right, mate," Phil says, his eyes crinkling up in the corners. "That *was* pretty cool, you can't blame them for being impressed."

Techno just huffs, turning his face away from the group.

"Are you *blushing*?" Wilbur crows, sounding *terribly* gleeful for someone who had a gun trained on their face less than ten minutes ago.

"No."

"Guys he's *blushing*! The great Technoblade is *flustered*!" Wilbur cries, which in turn incites a bunch of cooing and laughter.

"Stop this." Techno grumbles, trying in vain to shove his family away.

"You loooovvvee us!" Tubbo croons.

"I will not tolerate this disrespect from people who were tied up ten minutes ago," Techno says, crossing his arms.

"Yeah, but then you saved us because you *wuv us*!" Tommy teases, pressing his hands together and folding them under his chin.

"I will let those raiders back inside." Techno threatens, already heading for the door.

"No, no, wait!" Phil says, trying to pull him back, though he's laughing, head thrown back. He knows Techno is bluffing. Obviously. He's the *security*, he's not going to let them back inside.

"Too late," Techno says. "You've all betrayed me for the last time."

"Noooooooo," Wilbur groans, holding onto his cape even as he's pulled forward by Techno's momentum.

"Guys there's only one way to stop him," Tommy says, and Techno freezes at his tone. He sounds *way* too excited.

"No-"

"Group hug!"

Techno goes down with a cry when the full force of five aliens of varying size and weight wrap around him. There is an elbow in his face and a foot on his stomach and everyone is laughing.

"You guys are the worst." He groans.

"You love us." Wilbur says smugly.

Yeah. He does.

Market days are easily Techno's least favorite of the days. He became ship security because he doesn't have to talk to strangers, unless it's threatening them. He *likes* it that way, but unfortunately, he is still required to join the crew on market day to act as a bodyguard and make sure none of them get lost or robbed. He can usually dissuade any potential salesmen with a toothy snarl, but there is always the off chance that they are not swayed by his aggression.

Like this little shit now, trying her hardest to get him to buy something he has absolutely no interest in. It might be some sort of vacuum cleaner, honestly Techno hasn't been listening to most of her speech, instead just looking for a way out of the terrible conversation he's been sucked into. Heh. Vacuum pun.

"-but wait, there's more!" The saleswoman is saying, gesturing to her vacuum with much more enthusiasm than a vacuum should ever elicit.

"No. I'm done now." Techno says, turning to look for his crew. He's had a suspicious lack of annoying pokes to his shoulder in the last few minutes.

"No! Wait, hold on, it gets really good!" The saleswoman says, grabbing his wrist. Techno resists the urge to fling her off. He *hates* it when strangers touch him. He has to be mature and not maim her. He's an adult.

"Dude. Stop touching me." He settles on. The stranger's hand does not leave his wrist, and that's when Techno calls it fair game to rip away from her and storm off to find his family.

"Seriously, you'll want to see this!" The saleswoman tries, diving in front of him, her smile unnaturally fake. Techno sees the nervousness in it, and suspicion rises in his throat. His hand twitches, going for his sword. The saleswoman's eyes flick to the sword at his hip and her smile gets just a bit tighter. Sure, maybe they'll be banned for life for murdering an annoying solicitor, but hey, they've been banned from lots of planets. It isn't the end of the world.

"Leave me alone." Techno growls. The solicitor does not budge, which is as confusing as it is concerning. She has no reason to stay, not unless-

"Help!"

She's a distraction.

Techno is pushing past her immediately, ignoring her cries for him to stop, sword already in his hand, looking around for his crew. He doesn't see them, but if he pricks his ears up, he can hear a scuffle a ways away, and he begins to sprint towards it, shouldering past people and leaping over stalls, ignoring the offended squawks and shrieks of the alien crowd.

He finds his crew cornered in an alley, a group of gruff-looking criminals holding a dagger to Ranboo's neck. Techno feels himself puff up in rage, but he can't just leap in, not when Ranboo is being held hostage.

"Oh you guys are so dead now," Tommy gloats before being shut up with an elbow to the stomach by Tubbo. He's not wrong, though.

"Put the sword down, man. We just want the Enderian." The criminal- or more specifically kidnapper, which makes the whole thing even *more* infuriating.

"No." Techno says, widening his stance, getting ready for a fight. His ear twitches back when he hears shuffling movement behind him, and just as Phil calls out a warning, he is turning, blocking the incoming hit with his sword. Metal clangs on metal and sparks fly, making Techno grit his teeth. He slashes down, knocking the saleswoman off balance. As soon as she is down Techno slashes her leg to slow her down and knocks her out with the handle of his blade. Once she is unconscious he turns back to the group of kidnappers, now looking a bit more nervous. Good. Nervousness makes people sloppy.

"Alright, let's get this done." Techno sighs. He had actually been hoping for a chill day out for once. "Let go of the kid and I'll let you guys live, yadda yadda, whatever."

The kidnapper pulls Ranboo closer to him, face hardening. Techno shrugs.

He drops to the ground, kicking out the legs of one of the aliens flanking the leader, he does the same as he had done to the saleswoman, knocking her unconscious with the hilt of his sword. He would kill them but... that means paperwork. Not his favorite thing in the world. The leader shouts and stumbles backward, but his one remaining ally lunges forward with something that looks like it could be a stun gun. That explains what was keeping the others in place at the back of the alley.

Techno unhooks his cloak with one hand and throws it over his attacker, the weighted fabric combined with the surprise of the move disorients him enough that Techno is able to grab the stun gun where he sees it under the cloak and press it into his chest. The alien shrieks and seizes, and when Techno removes the cloak from his collapsed form he too is unconscious.

Techno turns to the remaining assailant.

"Alright. Let the kid go." He says, giving them one more chance to make this easy.

"Fuck off."

Techno groans.

"Dude, it's *literally* five against one now. Give it up so I don't have to kill you in front of three teens." The kidnapper looks a bit frantic now, finally noticing Techno's crew standing up and advancing. He snarls and shoves Ranboo away, who stumbles before being caught by Tommy. The human glares at the kidnapper from behind his disguise.

"You're a right bitch, you know that?"

"Screw all of you, you're all crazy."

"You tried to kidnap someone," Techno says, twirling his sword before drawing it up. "That makes you the crazy one." He brings the hilt down on the top of his head, letting the criminal crumple to the ground. Techno looks around at the four crumpled bodies that are scattered around the alleyway.

"So... noes goes on who calls the space-cops?" Tommy asks.

One would think that Techno, who is covered in coarse fur and wears a thick cloak pretty much all the time, would not have an issue with getting cold. Well, they would be wrong. Techo comes from Nether, which is a *very* warm planet, and thus has evolved to endure very warm temperatures.

Cold weather...eh, not so much.

Which is why Techno is so miserable at the moment. They're on another one of their misadventures, which, you know. Great. He's glad they're all having fun. The kids are romping around in the snow, Ranboo is dressed in waterproof gear just in case the snow melts. Tommy has introduced them to snowball fights, which lead to Techno getting hit in the face with one, which in turn leads to Tommy climbing a tree to get away from him.

Things have calmed down a bit, Wilbur and Phil are off getting... something. Techno *thinks* it's a plant but honestly, he's not sure on that one. He's been tasked with watching the teens of the group and letting them blow off some steam, which would be fine on literally *any* other planet.

Now that he's not mvoing, just standing under a tree, the cold is starting to seep in. He watches the kids get into antics, occasionally barking at them to stop playing so rough, but other than that he just has to stand here in the cold. It *sucks* , but you know. Whatever. It's not like a little cold can best him.

After about fifteen minutes, he can confidently say that the cold has bested him.

He is shaking, his hands are firmly tucked into the bend of his arms, and even though he had done his best to bundle up as much as the rest of them, the cold has seeped in and stolen what little had remained of his body heat. It's fine though, Phil and Wilbur will probably be back soon, or the kids would get bored of playing in the snow and then he could go back inside and curl up next to a radiator for as long as he wanted. Or until his job called him away, at least.

It doesn't seem like they're going to tire any time soon, if the absolute glee that Tommy takes in launching snow at his friends is any indication. Techno doesn't want to spoil their fun. They don't get to be outside of the ship much, and Techno doesn't know if it's a piglin thing or an everyone thing that kids should be outside more than inside. Either way, the last thing he wants is to spoil their fun by making them all go inside because he's a little *cold* . He's finnneeee. Probably.

The world tilts a little bit.

Okay. Maybe not *fine* , fine.

The next time he opens his eyes he is being dragged across the snow by his arms, which is confusing, but that also means that he doesn't have to move.

"If you guys are playing a prank it's a bad one," Techno grumbles. There are assorted noises of relief from behind him.

"Oh, good! You're awake!" Tubbo says. "You kinda just passed out back there, dude."

"Nah, it's a new thing. Snow naps."

"All the kids are doing it," Tommy adds before shaking his head. "Hold on man, you cant distract us! We're trying to get you back to the ship to warm up!"

"I'm finnnneeee..." Techno drawls, even though the clouds kind of look like they're spinning.

"Then stand up." Tubbo says, crossing his arms in a mimicry of Tommy's gesture. Techno tries, but it seems like all of a sudden his body has forgotten what motion is required to get to his feet.

"No, I'm good."

"Oh my God, how are you so stubborn?" Tommy groans, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Phil and Wilbur are almost back," Ranboo says, typing something into his comm. "They're flying."

Techno frowns. They probably haven't gotten whatever it was they were looking for, and now they have to come back to help the kids because Techno can't seem to remember how to stand up. Great. Literally *so* cool.

Techno groans. Now that he's a little more awake he can feel the cold come seeping back in, which is annoying. He much preferred being unconscious.

The teens continue to drag him to the ship, ignoring his complaints the whole way there. They actually manage to drag him up the ramp, which is pretty impressive, honestly, and into the blessedly heated interior of the ship.

"Ughhhhhhh," Techno groans as soon as they're inside. "Remind me to never go outside again."

"I'll write it down," Ranboo jokes. Or at least, Techno thinks he's joking. He's probably joking. Ranboo pulls his journal from his bag and starts to scribble. Well. Alright then.

It's barely more than a minute after they make it inside before Wilbur and Phil return, covered in snow and panting heavily.

"Is Techno alright?" Phil rushes out, feathers ruffled up behind his coat.

"I'm fine, thank you," Techno says dryly. "As fine as you can be after being dragged through the dirt by a bunch of hooligans."

"We were helping!" Tubbo says indignantly.

"Yeah Techno, they were helping." Wilbur snarks. Jerk.

"Come on mate, let's get you somewhere warmer than the floor.

"Yes please." Techno sighs before being pulled to his feet by Tommy and is able to support most of his weight. Sure, he has to lean on Phil a little bit, but it's a victory to him.

He konks out for several hours and wakes up feeling much better, just in time to join his crew for dinner.

He barely has time to sit down at the table before he is being grilled.

"If it was too cold, you could have just said something," Tubbo says, jabbing a fork in his direction. Techno puts his hands up in mock surrender.

"I didn't want to distract Phil and Wilbur from what they were doing," Techno says.

"Bullshit, you just didn't want to have to take us inside," Tommy says with a shit-eating grin. "You care about us!"

"Never," Techno lies, taking his own serving of blessedly hot stew.

The table dissolves into laughter and light conversation while they eat, and though Techno is sure his sleep schedule is ruined by his midday power nap, he can't really bring himself to regret anything, not with the bright smiles on all of their faces.

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